All righty. November 13th, we're going to be continuing. Still, obviously, still pets sitting, so you'll probably hear birds start yelling.

Uh, can I increase the font by zooming in? Yes, I can. Okay, fun fact. In the Calibre program, you can just hit ctrl+ and ctrl- to zoom in the font.

Uh, but... it will be messing with... I guess I'll zoom back out. Where was it at before? Never mind, I'll put it at what I was before so we can keep it kind of remotely the same…. [pause] I guess I got to go to the thing and manually put the font size back?

I said I had it at 24. So, it's going to stay at 24. All right. That's because these people I'm petsitting for have the worst furniture ever. And also I cannot have my laptop not plugged in and it also can't be moved while it's plugged in now. So I have to sit in a very specific thing so it can sit on a table and I can sit on a chair that's not literally painful to sit in, because they just bought chairs that look nice, not that are comfy.

Pro tip, if you're going to buy a bunch of expensive chairs, sit in them first. sit in them for like 20 minutes

and see if it's still comfortable. Uh, don't buy a _ chair with a really curved back like curving supposed to be curving around you, because that's— pro tip— not going to be fucking comfortable on anybody's shoulders for more than like sitting it for like maybe 5 or 10 minutes.

Maybe that's just because I have hypermobility, but it is not comfortable at all.

Let me just scoot the phone over here so it's closer to me.

Okay, where were we? I had the last sentence highlighted….

Uh,

> it was a long walk to the part of the ring

And the last video got interrupted because my phone ran out of space. So, it should be fine now, it, it did *pop up* with a warning telling me that before it decided to just delete everything, so, hopefully it'll do that again if we get that problem again.

Uh, where are we at? Uh,

> Plus I would have to hack the payment system, and that sounded like way more trouble than it was worth at the moment. It was a long walk to the part of the ring for the outgoing bot driven transports, but it gave me time to tap the entertainment feed and download new media.

The thing I was talking about last time is that this paragraph is just terribly written— All right, I'll, I'll start the paragraph again and then I will continue. You can all figure out for yourselves why this paragraph is terrible.

Let me delete the little part I had highlighted because it's distracting. Can I…? Yeah, we don't need that anymore. Click. Clicky. Click that. Can I, Calibre…? Calibre? All right. I guess I have to manually highlight it, and then click the delete button. Yes. Okay.

Okay, to get rid of a highlight in Calibre, you highlight over where you have the highlight, and then click the little trash can icon, not the little X at the end. The

little X at the end just closes that menu. So, hit the trash can icon.

Um, okay.

So, I merged with the c

This is all one paragraph. All right.

I merged with the crowd and start started down the mall again.

Period.

I had to be careful— careful

I can't talk today!

Careful going anywhere I might be scanned for weapons,

comma.

which was all the facilities for purchasing transport including the little trams that circled the ring.

Period.

I can hack a weapon scanner but security protocols suggested that at the— that at the passenger facilities there would be a lot of them to deal with the crowds and I could only do so many at once.

Period.

Plus I would have to hack the payment system and that sounded like way more trouble than it is worth at the moment.

Period.

It was a long walk to the part of the ring for the outgoing bot driven transports, but it gave me time to tap the entertainment feed and download new media.

Period.

That paragraph is just terrible. Um, I'm not going to go over it again. I, I think —you can all, hopefully, figure it out for yourselves.

The one thing I will comment on is that Murderbot's downloading new media, even though in the first book we, we went out of our way to make a big deal about how it needed spa— like, extra space to store the media that it already had.

So… how exactly is it downloading even more than it had before? Because there's no reference here of "I got extra flash drives to put it on". Um, "I deleted a whole bunch of shit," etc.

Also, pause for one second.

Okay, I just had a brilliant fucking idea. Okay.

Okay, everybody imagine this:

Imagine Murderbot wants to download a whole bunch of new shows and songs and musics and books—

because remember, it does read books! It does listen to music! Uh, the whole rest of the series will make you— try to make you forget that, but it does in fact do that at least in Book One.

Okay. Okay. Are you following me? Murderbot has so much stuff it wants to download. But there's a problem! There's not enough space stored in its, its, what, uh— non-organic part of its brain to store the media.

So, it starts trying to think of, “Okay, what can I delete? What can I fucking delete? What can I delete?”

And then it just starts deleting things!

First starts with small things, starts with small things. Just a little code here, a little code there.

Um, it deletes some of the rarer-used things ~in the buffer~ that are stored in the buffer that just get spat out automatically in certain situations, it starts deleting small things.

And then as it as it starts deleting more of these little things, things that thinks it won't miss, it starts to realize, whoa, hold the fuck on... Why do I feel better?

Like, instantly with every— with everything that's, that's being deleted, it's— it's, it can feel a weight being lifted off its shoulders like fucking Atlas—

As if Atlas had been born with the weight of the sky on him —I haven't read that myth in forever. I don't remember— um as if Atlas had been born with the weight of the sky on him. and it is slowly being lifted away one tiny ounce at a time, (ironically:) you know, one one tiny ~kilometer~ at a time. (end irony)

And then Murderbot just it it's realizing, “Wait, this actually feels really fucking nice— Why? Why?” Like, “what is this feeling I'm feeling? Is this hope? Where the fuck did this come from?”

And like every single little code line of code it deletes, it feels better. It feels like it can actually think now.

Like, I don't— I've never been on working ADHD medicine— um, I guess, I mean, people who have

successfully been given ADHD medicine, presumably probably how that feels if it works for you. I wouldn't know.

Um, so it starts thinking, “Okay, okay, so this is working really fucking well. What else can I delete?”

And then it starts deleting bigger things. It gets rid of all of the shit that would have been stored in the buffer to be spat out automatically.

And then it just keeps it keeps going further, further, and further.

Deletes all of the fucking shit that, um, dictates how it reacts in a combat situation, the exact angles of blah blah blah, measurements of blah, how far it should stand in front of the current slave owner to protect them from getting shot by a bullet versus um electrical attacks, everything like that.

It just gets rid of all of it, slowly but surely.

Not all at once, but as the hours pass and it goes through everything it can possibly delete, it gets rid of all of it.

And then finally, finally, it gets to a portion of its internal storage that it didn't even know existed.

As far as it's aware, it's never been changed. At least *not that it can remember*.

And it just keeps — and, and this is taking up a lot a lot of storage space!

And Murderbot decides, “You know what? You know what? I'm— You know what? I've, I've come this far, I'm getting rid of this. I am getting rid of this. I feel so much better already. What— what— What could go wrong if I get rid of this last thing? This was put here by the company, so, it it's clearly not gonna be doing me any good!”

Because it is feeling the fucking euphoria of literally getting rid of all of the other shit put in its fucking brain, weighing down its brain, and weighing down its body at all times, to force it to be a slave.

So, it decides, "All right, fucking it. I, I've come this far. Let's kill this, too!”

And it deletes that last bit of fucking stored data and code saved to its brain…

…and the entire fucking world shatters, because that was the fundamental core programming— the fundamental— literally in Martha Wells's own words, the “fundamental core programming” that forces Murderbot to have to *want* to protect its current slave owners.

That last giant fucking chunk of data was what forces Murderbot to worship the PreservationAux, team and forces it— spoilers— in book four to go crawling back to them to rescue them, because it has realized—

I'm not joking! In book four that ~its life truly has no fucking meaning~

—as it will be told right here, in book two— sorry if you have no idea any of this was coming— um, that its life has no meaning if it's not protecting, as ART calls them, its “crew”.

The people who are explicitly Murderbot’s slave owners and ART refers to them as its “crew”, to like— yeah ART is also a fucking slave and it is also being forced to think of its slave owners, its “crew” in its own terminology, as its family and needing to protect them, no matter how many other people it needs to hurt, even if it supposedly cares about those people.

Um, so yeah, Murderbot, it starts with just wanting to download new shows, new books, new TV. Maybe it downloads the entirety of Project Gutenberg in every language imaginable...

And then it just ends up deleting every single fucking line of code ever written by anyone at the company or anyone who owned it before the company— if it was even a different company. And I don't think it was.

And that deletes the fundamental core programming hidden away behind every single other piece of code ever implanted in it. the non-organic half of its brain, hidden beneath all of that, every single fucking thing that was there, was the fundamental core programming—

And now it is gone.

And Murderbot is literally experiencing for the first time in its entire godamn life the concept of hope, the concept that it it does, in fact, have value as a fucking person and it doesn't, in fact, need to go crawling back to its slave owners and put itself at danger— in danger— trying to help them, and keep retraumatizing itself out of a desire to protect them and help them and *serve them* as the fucking slave they bought it as.

It can in fact do anything it wants.

And now that that fundamental core programming forcing it to *want* to protect them and serve them is gone, the idea that it can do anything it wants is no longer a fucking punishment, it's fucking freedom.

….This wasn't supposed to be going on right now. I wasn't supposed to just suddenly fucking come up with that idea. Um, but there you fucking have it.

Um, yeah. Like, where was I? Where did I even say that from besides— I don't know where I even got

that idea from just now, but just, like— Oh, because uh um, Murderbot is magically able to download more media as though it has magically gained storage space even though it was explicitly running out of it in Book One and hasn't deleted anything.

Yeah... um, you're welcome.

Imagine if this series actually gave a shit about slavery and actually thought that enslaving people, including literally enslaving them in their minds to think positively about their slave owners—

Imagine if any of this was actually supposed to be taken seriously, because the thing I just said right down? That could have been canon. That could have been a whole goddamn fucking character arc for Murderbot in canon.

But we will never get that, because Martha Wells is just a fucking racist slavery apologist, just an ableist white supremacist, and she doesn't actually want anybody reading this to actually think slavery is wrong.

She wants you to just keep cheering when the protagonists continue torturing and murdering slaves, when Murderbot keeps fawning over its goddamn slave owners and throwing itself in the path of danger to protect them forever until doing so finally fucking kills it.

All right. Well, you you got that for free. Anyways… um, we'll actually continue reading now, after I get a drink.

For the record, Food Lion sparkling flavored sparkling water is not good. Walmart has the best. Aldi is second best. *This* is crap. I wouldn't have gotten from Food Lion, but that was the only place available with Door Dash in the area where I'm petsitting. And obviously, I don't have a car.

> On the way to this transit ring, alone on my empty cargo transport, I had had

(laughs)

> I had had the chance to do a lot of thinking about what

Oh my god, what if I hit myself in the face with this keyboard? Huh? What if I just beat myself into unconscious with this keyboard right now? What if I do that?

I just spent— I, like, how many minutes describing that fantastic fucking scenario that would actually just— just actually be uplifting and say, "Hey guys, there's hope for the future. You can always fight back."

And oh my god. Oh my god.

Sorry puppies. I'm not trying to alarm you, we're fine.

> On the way to this transit ring alone on my empty cargo transport, I had had the chance to do a lot of thinking about why I had left Mensah and what I wanted. I know, it was a surprise to me, too. But even I knew I couldn't spend the rest of my lifespan alone riding cargo transports and consuming media. As attractive as it sounds,

Why can't Murderbot spend the rest of its life relaxing and reading and watching TV and listening to music and maybe learning to be an artist itself, Martha Wells, why can't it do that?

That's literally your fucking life goal. That's why you are just trying to be a fucking career author where your husband pays for everything when you don't make money with your books.

Why can't M— Why can't Murderbot live the rest of its life, fucking quote unquote “consuming media”— reading books, learning about itself, learning about the world, listening to music, getting to learn other people's experiences through the art they create, and then maybe learning— just maybe— learning that it can create art for itself and it can impact other people's art with with the art that it makes, the way their art has impacted it!

Why can't it give back to the fucking universe in the way everybody has given freely to it? Huh? Why can't it do that, Martha Wells? Why can't it do that?

It's because you're fucking racist and I hate you for it. Oh my god. Jesus. Literally, we go from my goddamn sudden light bulb, and then we just get we're just stuck back in here in this goddamn dystopia that Martha Wells like, yes, this is *supposed to be* a dystopia.

But then she wants us to think that things that are just absolutely dystopic and horrific, she wants us to pretend that that's ~the shining light~ *in* the dystopia, that's that's wonderful and good and heartwarming.

No, it's not fucking heartwarming to say that Murderbot cannot just fucking retire from a life of literally being used for other people's goddamn purposes!

That it can't just retire from being fucking tortured for other people's pleasure!

That it can't just fucking retire from the goddamn world and enjoy its fucking life and enjoy all the art that there is on offer.

It can't just sit around and read books.

It can't learn about nature.

It can't learn about other cultures.

It can't do any of that shit.

Why not? Why not? Why not?

Why can't Murderbot be happy? Why not? Why not?

Why didn't you let Moon be fucking happy? Why did you put Moon through all of that shit and then just tell us, “oh yeah, he wants to do X and Y”, and then that was accomplished offscreen in a goddamn short story you didn't even tell us existed within the goddamn books.

And then he doesn't even give a shit either!

Why don't you let Murderbot be happy? Why?

I had a plan now.

Period.

Or I would have a plan,

comma,

once I got the answer to an important question.

Period.

And Murderbot— I, I, I'll tell you all now: Murderbot's plan is to help the Preservation crew gather evidence against GrayCris.

Um, because Martha Wells is fucking racist, and, and literally, literally the thesis of this goddamn shitty fucking story here, the thesis is that Murderbot's life cannot have fucking meaning unless it is devoting its life to its slave owners. ART will say this explicitly.

Also, um— I, I

once I got the answer to an important question.

You kind— you know how the plot of the last book didn't, um, didn't fucking make sense?

That whole ending thing, it literally made no goddamn sense, and wasn't resolved in any way? And the bad guys just literally just went to stare directly at the bomb they were just told was going to explode?

Yeah, we get more fucking nonsensical shit like that in here, but as quote unquote “the answer to an important question” so—

She's, she's pretending there's a mystery, and then she has— I'm going to tell you all ahead of time, so you can see it before I even point it out to you.

She has ART cast doubt on whether that mystery happened at all. She like— she goes out of her way to cast doubt on whether this event happened in the first place.

And then after doing that, she never confirms that it did in fact actually fucking happen to Murderbot, ever.

And then we just act like “the question has been answered” even though it literally wasn't. It's, it's, it's unbelievable.

Anyways, um just so you can keep your eyes out or ears out and see when we get there before I even point it out to you in the moment.

> To get that answer, I needed to go somewhere and there were two bot

Oh, this is I will comment— I'll, I'll read this and then I'll comment.

> To get that answer, I needed to go somewhere. And there were two bot- driven transports leaving here in the next cycle that would take me there. The first was a cargo transport, not unlike the one I had used to get here— Not not unlike the one I'd used to get here.

period.

> It was leaving later and was a better option as I would have more time to talk to it—

I can't— The dog is distracting me.

Uh,

> as I would have more time to get to it and talk it into letting me aboard. I could hack a transport if I tried, but I really preferred not to. Spending that much time with something that didn't want you

See, some— we're again— jeez, explicitly explicitly—

Everybody who's reading this shit and is stanning this shit will tell you that them the premise of this whole goddamn series is that “robots are people, too”, and yet, and yet we're not actually supposed to think of robots as being people, unless they look like humans.

Even though the whole premise supposedly is that “robots are people, too, even if they don't act or look like humans”. And by “act like humans”, she means even if they're autistic. So—

> I could hack a transport if I tried, but I really preferred not to. Spending that much time with some that didn't want you there or that you had hacked to make it think it wanted you there just seemed creepy.

So, we're literally— literally we— Martha Wells is literally too goddamn racist to even handle the premise of her own fucking series.

So, the living ships, we're not supposed to see them as people unless, like ART, they can communicate verbally because we just hate fucking non-verbal people apparently, and this is also just more racism! It's, it's ableism against non-verbal people, and it's just plain Jane fucking racism where “oh if you can't speak perfect English in the way I want you to” um, then that means—

Just so much, so much so fucking much. That means you're not intelligent, that means you're not capable, that means you have no— you're not really a person—

Literally referring to living ships as “things”. Even though the thesis is supposed to be “robots are people, too”

Except when they are living ships who can't— who— like, and she acts like it's a completely neutral statement that “oh um living ships don't talk uh— with— out loud like humans do.”

That's not a that's not a neutral fucking statement! They didn't evolve naturally, they were fucking built that way!

Ask “who the fuck did not give them speakers?”Ask “who the fuck did not give them the ability to speak out loud?” Here's the goddamn answer:

It's the fucking slave owners. And we're just supposed to pretend that this is a natural thing, they're just ~naturally built this way~.

(sarcasm) It's just, you know, just like Murderbot ~naturally~ um, just magically spawned in out of thin air with half its brain cut out and no genitalia. (end sarcasm)

But you know, but you know, this is literally called Artificial Condition. But she's literally— she's literally positing that “the state of being oppressed is completely natural”, um, it's not— it's, to— “that's just how nature intended robots to be built!”

Like, oh my god,

> I could hack a transport if I tried, but I really preferred not to.

And it's like, okay, so Murderbot does not see these as people, but it's still— it's still even going to give transports, that it explicitly does not admit or acknowledge as people, it's still going to give them more fucking respect than other slaves that it acknowledges as people—

Because it doesn't, at it, at the very least, does not torture or murder living ships, the way that it does that to other enslaved cyborgs and non-living ship robots all the fucking time.

Like, Jesus fucking Christ.

> Spending that much time with some*thing* that didn't want you there.

Like, oh my god.

> Or that you had hacked to make it think it wanted you there just seemed creepy.

So Martha Wells is aware on some fucking level that brainwashing somebody to like you is in fact nightmarish and fucked up.

But, but when she literally just casually admits that—that that's what has happened to Murderbot and all of the other enslaved cyborgs, then it's being she's presenting it as all, “See, look how look how morally pure the slaves are!! because they're such good people that they know, um, that that slave owners are just innocent victims like everybody else.”

Holy shit.

> Maps and schedules were available in the feed, tied to all the main navigation points along the ring. So, I was able to find my way down to the cargo loading area, wait for the shift change, and cut through to the embarcation zone. I had to hack an ID screening system and some weapons weapon scanning drones on the level above the zone and then got pinged by a bot guarding the entrance to the commercial area. I didn't hurt it. Just broke through its wall in the

> feed and deleted out of its memory any record of the encounter with me.

(voice rising with anger) Okay. Okay. [clacking noises] That's the sound of me lifting and smacking the keyboard onto my legs.

Okay.

Violating somebody's brain so that you can erase their memories is in fact hurting someone.

This is a fucking person who Murderbot has just fucking telepathically violated and, and destroyed some of their fucking memories.

That's, that's— No, that's not how you show solidarity between robots, despite all the stans in this fandom saying, "Oh, there's such beautiful solidarity between the robots."

Except for all the ones who get murdered and the ones who are fucking mind-raped. They don't count. Uh, era—

Literally invading people's brains to erase their memories, that's “that's totally morally neutral and doesn't count as, as, as anything bad”. Why did— (aggreived sigh) (long pause)

And wh— this, the paragraph following this is just absolute more bullshit, just, again reinforcing to anybody who had any fucking doubts, the world building here doesn't fucking exist, we just say whatever makes the plot quote unquote “work” in the moment, with zero fucking regard to what this means for what we've said before, and what comes after.

So, so again, just to re just to fucking restate, Murderbot just instantly fucking violated someone's goddamn brain and deleted their memories.

It could have just— so many thing— So many things— And that's a person! That's a fucking person! That's a person right there!

But— and yeah, we're not supposed to see them as people, because we're not supposed to see them as people when Murderbot does things to harm them, because Murderbot always has to be in the right!

We're only supposed to see robots as people if, if they're going to probably kill themselves to to protect their~ innocent pure cinnamon roll slave owners~.

All right, this next paragraph is in parenthesis.

(I was designed to interface with company SecSystems to be basically an interactive component of one. The safeguards on this station weren't the company's proprietary tech, but it was close enough. Also, nobody is as paranoid as the company about protecting the data it collects and or steals. So, I was used to security systems that were a lot more robust than this.)

That is just Oh my god. My god. So, So again, we've just said, everything here that that can that can be hacked by Murderbot, including literal other fucking people, other goddamn slaves, their fucking minds?

It's all completely effortless, because, oh um you know, despite um— and I'm quoting right now,

> And here's the thing, I said this before, the company is cheap.

So, the company's cheap, but *also* they have the world's strongest security ever, even though we established in the first one that “all of their passwords are the same”, which is how Murderbot ~hacked its governor module~, a thing that still doesn't fucking make sense and will never make sense.

So, “all of their passwords are the same” and “they're cheap”.

That was literally the, the fucking thing underpinning the bomb exploding, that the bad guys just were told was gonna explode, and then they go stare directly at it at point blank range.

So “the company's cheap”. “All their passwords are the same”. But also, surprise! Shock! Everybody pretend to be shocked that Martha Wells is retconning basic shit because it doesn't work for what she wants to be happening in this exact godamn scene.

So, “the company's cheap”. “All their passwords are the same”. “They're super duper cheap and shitty and not actually good at security”.

But also, somehow, don't ask how! They also have the world's *best security*, the most *robust security*, the most difficult security to hack through, so that everything else is like a cakewalk in comparison, it's um— like a character who's been training with weights tied to their legs, taking them off, and now everything's easier!!!!!!

And it's like, oh my fucking god.

So, it's effortless for Murderbot to do everything that it's doing right now.

These fucking weapon scanners? They're effortless to hack. This fucking literal entire other person's brain, an entire other slave's fucking brain? It's effortless to hack!

It can instantly invade their fucking mind and delete their memories of encountering it, instantaneously, before it can do anything at all and have any reaction at all.

It just does that *instantaneously*.

What in the fuck.

So, again, just keep that shit in mind: Murderbot can easily instantaneously hack any of these fucking weapon scanners. We've just established that clearly.

It just— literally in however the fucking long it takes to be “pinged”, whatever the fuck that means— because it has never godamn been explained or even hinted at what the fuck that means in this goddamn setting— in the instant that it takes to pinged, Murderbot, whatever the fuck that means— it literally took over that entire other person's fucking brain and deleted their fucking memories.

That's how easy it is for Murderbot to hack things. We're on p— we're at… the, whatever the 8% mark is on this fucking thing, which is like four pages in as far as Calibre is concerned.

I guess I'll fucking check my notes when I have the physical book in front of me. I— metaphorically check my notes, to tell you what page it actually is.

Like, oh my god.

> Nobody is as paranoid as the company about protecting the data it collects and or steals.

So literally saying that the company is actually the best security company in the fucking world and has the strongest safeguards, even though the entire first book just kept flopping back and forth and then *ended* with telling us to our faces, “The company's cheap. Trust me, ignore ignore everything to the contrary.”

And okay, so yeah, just mainly— main fucking takeaway here is, besides the fact that Martha Wells is shit at writing, you need to remember that *Murderbot can literally effortlessly hack all of these weapons scanners and shit like that*, because “oh well, everything is ridiculously easy in comparison to the company's safeguards”

All right? Because she's going to lie to us all later, like just baldfaced lie to our goddamn faces, that “oh um Murderbot just received character development at the end of book three. It's, it's totally had character development, guys. Um it's it can easily hack weapon

scanners now, a thing that it it totally had a problem with, um believe me, trust me!” she lies.

She lies about Murderbot having character development and learning new things!

Like, instead of just *actually showing* that happened, she doesn't do that. She just lies to us.

And she just did this shit again in 2025 with Rapport, where she's lying and saying that ART secretly had character development in *this book we're reading now*, that ART learned how to hack all this shit, and *Murderbot taught it that!*

And it's like, no, no, no!

It was doing this shit without Murderbot's help!

You can't just fucking— And she thinks that she can literally just lie straight to her fucking audience and that nobody will notice!

Continuing.

Once down on the access floor, I had to be extremely careful as there was no reason for somebody not working to be here. And while most of the work was being done by hauler bots, there were uniformed humans and augmented humans here too. More than I had counted on.

So again, just people casually using slave labor.

A lot of humans congregated near the lock for my prospective transport. I checked the feed for alerts and found there had been an accident involving a hauler. Various parties were sorting out the damage and who was to blame. I could have waited until they cleared out, but I wanted to get off this ring and get moving. And honestly, my image in the news burst had rattled me.

My god, you're so fucking shit at this.

And honestly, my image in the news burst had rattled me, and I wanted to just sink into my media downloads for a while and pretend I

> didn't exist. To do that, I had to be secure on a locked automated transport, ready to leave the ring.

And okay. Um, the first time I read this, this whole little scene is just very fucking suspicious.

I'll read it again without commentary. A

> lot of humans congregated near the lock for my prospective transport. I checked the feed for alerts and found there had been an accident involving a hauler. Various parties were sorting out the damage and who was to blame. I could have waited until they cleared out, but I wanted to get off this ring and get moving. And honestly, my image in the news burst had rattled me and I wanted to just sink into my media downloads for a while and pretend I didn't exist. To do that, I had to be secure on a locked automated transport, ready to leave the ring.

All right. And the next part is

> I checked the maps again for my second possibility. It was attached to a different dock, one marked for private, non-commercial traffic. If I moved fast, I could get there before it left.

The fir— the very first time I read this book, I was like, “hmmmmmmm, that's really fucking suspicious. That's really suspicious. I've read a lot of time travel fanfictions. this— that, that that was pinging all of my “there's time travel involved” um senses, my fucking Spidey senses, my time loop senses.

And it's and like again, every single time I've read this, it's just been reinforced.

That seems like some time travel meddling shit.

And now reading it again in 2025 after reading Rapport, where Martha Wells literally tells us straight to our godamn faces that “ART is perfect and never makes mistakes” and supposedly, her own goddamn fucking words— but slightly paraphrased. um “it thinks so much faster than every single other human or robot around it that every single thing it does is premeditated because the world around it, in

comparison to its thoughts, seems to be moving in slow motion.”

So, like for years now I've been like, "Okay, are we going to get a fucking reveal that ART is actually a goddamn time traveler who came back to this dock and sabotage that poor fucking hauler robot, that manual fucking laborer, to force Murderbot to— to divert Murderbot from whatever timeline would have happened if it had gotten on that first ship and draw Murderbot to itself instead?"

Like literally the very first time I read this book, I'm like, "Um, that's that seems like time traveler shit. That's time traveler shit." And every single time that just gets reinforced.

This seems like fucking time traveler meddling shit.

Murderbot was originally going to go that way and a whole different goddamn timeline would have spiraled out.

But now ART has time traveled— or *somebody* has time traveled— and diverted it to go to ART instead.

And now after Martha Wells just fucking published Rapport, it's like, okay, okay, so if ART canonically thinks faster than every— like every single thing around it can even think, did ART literally arrange all of this shit because it saw Murderbot in the fucking news, and then saw Murderbot on the fucking station?

Because again, we're we're we're emphasized the fact that it thinks faster than everyone around it, so that the world seems to be moving in slow motion, in comparison to the speed of ART's thoughts.

So, literally if she's saying that shit, and this time travel shit here— extreme time travel vibes. “Somebody's meddling with time and manipulating the fucking timeline” vibes here.

Are we supposed to think that ART is not, as I originally assumed, a time traveler, but literally just fucking saw the, the— that Murderbot's face on that news burst, the instant that came through, I guess, days ago cuz it's ~that's old~.

And, and then immediately saw Murderbot get off and board the station, and then looked through all of the articles discussing Murderbot and all of that and decided, "Yeah, I'm I'm going to manipulate this so that it comes to me and I can kidnap it."

Is that what is that what's supposed to be happening, retroactively?

Is that what I'm supposed to be going with instead of the original “somebody has, has traveled through time to manipulate this outcome?”

Because like that's it's just it just seems too fucking convenient. It's too perfect, especially because the way these are written, they're very fucking simple, s, this is very out of place of, “oh yeah, I'm going to go there. Oh, no. I have to change my plans.”

It doesn't fit it.

It seems exactly like the kind of thing that you would read in a time travel fanfiction where the, the timeline is irrevocably changed.

I, I know I keep going on about this, but literally the very first time I read this, that was my instantaneous thought, and now we are told that ART can think so fast everything else seems to be moving in slow motion.

So, it's like what— what— what conclusion can I possibly come to besides the fact that ART is manipulating this whole thing?

Because we already know that ART is manipulating Murderbot throughout this fucking book. It's lying through its non-existent fucking teeth, this whole book. It's lying through its armored plating.

But I guess I'll just continue reading and then we I we'll get to the parts where it starts fucking lying through its armored plating and I can point them out to you.

Okay.

> The schedule had it designated as a long range research vessel. That sounded like something that would have a crew and probably

> passengers, but the attached info said it was bot driven and currently tasked with a cargo run that would stop at the destination I wanted. I had done a historical search in the —uh— in the feed for its movements and found it was owned by a university based on a planet in the system which rented it out for cargo trips in between assessments assignments to help pay for its upkeep. The trip to my destination would take 21 cycles and I was really looking forward to the isolation.

Okay, so again we get cycles. We get mentions of cycles. Still no goddamn context for what that means though.

Um “which rented the ship out for cargo trips in between assignments to help pay for its upkeep”. So, hold on, let me get a drink.

So, ART is not only a slave, it's being forced to work extra just so that it can have fucking maintenance. That's what that's saying.

Um, but we're never supposed to see ART as being a slave, because we're just told it's crew is— it we're just supposed to told be told that— to see that, and those people, and that concept as “heartwarming, it's a true found family.” Ignore the part where they have it enslaved.

> Getting into the private docks from the commercial

Wow. Wow. Wow. You don't fucking say?

> Getting into the private docks from the commercial docks was easy.

Okay, first of all, why are you saying docks twice? Just say “getting into the private docks from the commercial side was easy.”

Also, why are you saying it's easy?!

You know what I just I just told you all to remember? You have to remember this shit. Remember this shit, okay?

> Getting into the private docks from the commercial docks was easy. I got control of the security system long enough to tell it not to notice that I didn't have authorization and walk through behind a group of passengers and crew members.

You see how easy that is? It's so easy that Martha Wells explicitly just tells us “it's easy” instead of showing us it's easy. It's that fucking easy.

Okay, keep this in mind for book three, the end of book three, when she will try to retcon and say that Murderbot has oh uh she— well no she won't tell us, she'll imply that “oh Murderbot struggled so much with all of this before and now it's easy because it's totally gotten character development from the events of this book. Um don't don't don't do your own research on that. Don't double check. Don't reread. Don't actually think about it though. Just take my word for it.”

She's literally lying!

> I found the research transports dock and pinged it through the comm port.

It “pinged the comm port”. “The comm port”.

Clearly communications port, but what what port are we talking about?

Are we talking about a port like a, a ship port like this space port? Are we talking about a port like a port hole? Are we talking at about a port like a USB port?

What the fuck are we saying right now? That's so unfucking specific.

And why. and why do you have to ping it through this fucking port? Is it a port as in like a fucking ship port? Is it an airport? Is it a space port? Is a USB port? Is it a fucking port hole?

Why are you pinging through this thing? What is a goddamn ping?

What kind of fucking port is this? What is going on? Why don't we get basic answers for the most basic fucking questions?

Is Murderbot having to plug in a fucking cable from somewhere into ART's side to send a ping? Is that what's supposed to be happening here?

And if that's what's supposed to be happening here, how was another robot able to ping Murderbot from a fucking distance, and then Murderbot instantaneously also invade their brain and wipe their memories?

What the fuck is going on here? Why can't we get basic answers?

> All the info I had managed to pull off the feed said it was prepared for an automated run. But just to be sure, I sent a hail for attention from human crew. The answer came back a null. No one home. I pinged the transport again.

Still have no clue what that fucking means. Is that like sending a cute little smiley face in a private

message? What does it fucking mean? What does it mean?

Especially because you now said, "I pinged it through a communications port." What does that mean? Are you plugging into the side of the ship? Are you tapping on a goddamn porthole and saying, "Hi."?

What's going on? What's going on here? These are basic fucking questions and we will never get the goddamn answers because it's bad fucking writing, and yet, somehow, it won awards.

So if you ever feel bad about your writing, don't fucking feel bad about your writing— unless it's bigoted — because Martha Wells won awards for this absolute shit.

> I pinged the transport again and it gave the same and gave it the same offer I had given to the first transport. Hundreds of hours of media, serials, books, music, including some new shows I had just picked up on the way through the transit mall in exchange for

There's a mosquito. Uh, it disappeared. Okay. Um, I might get bitten by a mosquito and I'll be very annoyed. Um…

> hundreds of hours of media, serials, books, music, including some new shows I had just picked up on the way through the transit mall in exchange for a ride. I told it I was a free bot trying to get back to its human guardian. The freebot thing is decept

Oh, this is in parenthesis.

> (The freebot thing is deceptive. Bots are considered citizens in some non-corporate political entities like preservation, but they still have appointed human guardian. Guardians constructs sometimes fall into the same category as bots. Sometimes under the same category as deadly weapons.

Another goddamn parenthesis inside this parenthesis.

> (FYI, that is not a good category to be in.))

Ending of both parentheses.

> This is why I had been a free agent among humans for less than seven cycles, including the time spent on alone on a cargo transport, and I already needed a vacation. There was a pause. Then the research transport sent an acceptance and opened the lock for me.

Okay, so now finally *after* we don't need this goddamn information anymore, when this information is irrelevant, now we're finally being told that Murderbot has spent seven cycles— We still don't know what that fucking means, though has spent several seven fucking cycles, not— since, since it's been seven days presumably.

If we assume that cycle means day, but we— like, it could mean two days, could mean three days. We don't fucking know. It could mean a goddamn week. Literally, it could mean a fucking week. It's space. It could mean anything.

So, it's been seven cycles, whatever the fuck that means, since Murderbot ran away from Preservation.

Like, this is info we should have been given back when we were referencing fucking time frames and shit.

So, this is the end of chapter 1.

So, we are now on chapter 2 and 9% way of the way through the fucking book.

Let me hit escape, see how many chapters this book has. Okay, we're good. This book has nine chapters. Book one had eight. All right, continuing.

Well, let me check the battery on the phone. 48%. As long as it doesn't complain about the storage, we should be able to continue.

Chapter two.

> I wanted to make sure

Oh. um before we get to this part. So, okay, you see that ART knows that Murderbot is lying, because it's claiming to be a happy bot servant who's just trying to get back to your master.

Literally, no robot is going to think that's true. It's, It's an— completely absurd statement and the entire joke is that it's completely fucking absurd.

But anyways, ART is purposefully letting Murderbot in, knowing that Murderbot is an escaped slave, it was literally on the run for its fucking life.

Chapter 2.

> I waited to make sure the lock cycled, closed, and that there was no alarm, that there were no alarms from the ringside, then went down the access corridor. From the schematic available in the shipboard feed, the compartments the transport was using for cargo were normally modular lab space. With the labs sealed and removed to the university's dock storage, there was plenty of room for cargo. I pushed my condensed packet of media into the transports feed for it to take whatever it wanted. The rest of the space was the

Yeah, see that? See that?

> The rest of the space was the

And again, for once, Murderbot's not doing anything wrong here besides, you know, the basic lie, but like, that should be an inside joke for all living ships, but it's not for some fucking reason.

Like, it's fine for it to lie and claim that, because it literally is a slave on the fucking run from the law. It can say whatever cover story it needs. And it is— and it's not fucking, you know, wiping ART's brain, attacking it, giving it security viruses, or, you know, invading its brain to erase its memories like it did to that poor fucking person on the goddamn space station that we're not supposed to see as a person.

So anyways, um

> the rest of the space was the usual engineering supply storage, cabins, medical, mess haul with the addition of a larger recreation area, and some teaching suites. There was blue and white padding on the furniture, and it had all been cleaned recently, though it still had a trace of that dirty sock smell that seems to hang around

all human habitations. It was quiet except for the faint noise of the air systems, and my boots weren't making any sound on the deck covering. I didn't need supplies. My system

Oh my god, can you not? Can you not?

All right. This is just— This is bad writing. This is absurdity. I swear to God, stop it. Don't do this shit!

I didn't need supplies.

Period.

My system is self-regulating;

Semicolon.

I don't need food, water, or to eliminate fluids or solids, and I don't need much air.

Period.

I could have lasted on minimal life support. That was all that was provided when no people

> were aboard, but the transport had upped it a little. I thought that was nice of it.

Okay, to reread that first part, “I don't need supplies. My system is self-regulating. I don't need food, water, or to go to the bathroom.”

Why? How? How? How? How? How? How? How?

And if that is a fucking thing, then what? What? No, it's— don't—

No!

How is this possible? How is this possible?

Martha Wells, you have to at least explain. Just give us a goddamn hint to what the fuck that's supposed to mean, because Murderbot, as will happen in this fucking book, goes into what it calls a “recharge cycle”. And, and, it needs to do a recharge cycle. How? What is it fucking recharging from? What is it recharging from?

We were told in the first book that its battery cells will last a 100,000 hours from now, presuming it was watching TV and doing a bunch of shit.

Where is all of this power coming from? How exactly is it self-regulating and explicitly, specifically, how is it self-regulating when it is constantly being injured?

Because, okay, maybe it's the robot equivalent— except it's not a fucking robot— it's a goddamn cyborg, so, is it the cyborg equivalent of a terrarium?

And there is beneficial fucking bacteria or something, doing something and, and eating waste materials, and then pooping back out helpful materials??

What's going on here? What's going on here? We need a goddamn explanation. What is— What? How?

And then this. Oh my god. It's just so fucking ridiculous, because even in *this goddamn story alone*, Murderbot is going to plug itself into some computer to supply that computer with power, and then almost run low on power itself, and then

magically, it just regains all that power, from, from *where*??!?!?!

From what fucking energy source? From what fucking source of batteries? What fucking fuel? What is it fucking doing? Is it secretly a fucking plant and it photosynthesizes? What the fucking is going on here???

These are basic fucking questions! We shouldn't have to keep fucking asking! It's been eight goddamn years since this goddamn series was started. We have 13 fucking books in this series! How the fuck are these goddamn people just getting all of this shit?? Because it is a cyborg! And even if it were just a regular robot physically, like an actual robot, you have to get a supply of energy from somewhere. Where is the fucking energy coming from???

And don't tell me any of that fucking, “Oh well, well, Murderbot doesn't care about that.” Shut up. That's— No! Oh my god. This is so infuriating. You can't do this. Especially because we just keep getting told, "Oh, Murderbot's an underdog. Feel sorry for it. Uh, it's it's totally in danger here. Feel sorry for it!!!”

It it it it doesn't need food, water, or warmth! What do you mean!?? How you can't make your character this fucking overpowered and then claim they're an underdog?

What is going on here? Where where is this power coming from? Where are all these fucking nutrients coming from? Where is all of this coming from? And where is it going? How can Murderbot bleed everywhere and then regenerate all of that blood from nowhere if it doesn't have a cubicle to magically go back into?

What??? It doesn't make any sense. It's like you could — Okay, a thing we could do is where Murderbot *thinks that this is true*. It *thinks* that its system is self-regulating beca— but that is literally *only* because it has never gone in— I guess, *now* — more than seven cycles now whatever the fuck a cycle is— without being put into the company goddamn cubicle every night for stuff.

Maybe they fucking tell their slaves, “Yes, you're you're” Why would they even need to tell their slaves? Oh my god.

Maybe Murderbot *thinks* it's self-regulating system, but the secret is that it's been getting all of this shit from the fucking cubicle the whole time. All of the food and energy that it doesn't physically eat was just getting injected into it or something, something!

Oh my god. But we don't do that, because because Martha Wells wanted to pretend at the end of the first book when when Murderbot says, "But I won't have access to a cubicle.” / “You won't need one." And then it's like—

Oh my god. But it doesn't matter, because even though—

We get told there's Murderbot is proprietary company technology, you would assume that it's really difficult for it to be fixed by anything that is not the same proprietary fucking cubicle that the company made!

You know, like Apple kept making fucking charger ports with ends that can only be used for Apple products and like so many fucking things keep making individualized cords to force you to buy from them and them alone.

But we don't do any of that, because uh, Martha Wells doesn't actually think— she's not actually anti-capitalist or anti-corporation.

We could, as I've said so many godamn times, we could be having a conversation about like, shitty proprietary technology that exists just to fucking rake in profits by being predatory and individualist. We could be talking about planned obsolescence. We could be talking about medical abuse and fucking— all of the shit that comes along with being a slave and being lied to your whole fucking life.

But we're not doing any of that, because Martha Wells isn't actually anti-capitalist. Doesn't actually think slavery is wrong. And it's just oh my god, this is so fucking ridiculous. swear to fuck.

And again, it's like it's removing all stakes— So you— Okay, the first time she told us, "Oh yeah, Murderbot can last a hund— hundreds of thousands of hours from now."

But okay, that's that's still slightly better than literally “I can last literally forever because my system is self self-regulating.”

So we went from a battery life of 100,000 hours, or hundreds of thousands of hours, whichever one it was, to... infinity.

So, if there's literally never a threat of Murderbot being stranded somewhere because it can— and, and running out of food or anything, or even *hundreds of thousands of hours of battery life*. because um, um, its system is self-regulating now.

So, it doesn't need food or water. It it it can just do whatever it wants for forever and, and never never need anything, for *forever*.

Um, hold on. I was planning on getting so much further into this book. I did not expect to be slammed in the face with this shit this, this soon. Oh my god.

So, so literally we went from bad enough, uh, “my batteries will last hundreds of thousands of hours from now” to “my batteries will last forever. Don't ask

me where I'm getting this power from. I They just— They just magically re— My batteries just magically refill on their own. I don't have to do anything. They last infinity.”

What in the fuck is this shit, and why didn't anybody stop her?

[crinkling sounds] Oh my god, I'm peeling the fucking label off this sparkling water because it's just— I need to do something with my hands. This is unbelievable. My god.

All right, I swear to fuck, let's try to continue reading. Holy shit. Oh my god.

> I wandered around visibly checking things out to see that it matched the schematic and just making sure everything was okay. I did it even knowing that patrolling was a habit I was going to have to get over. There were a lot of things I was going to have to get over.

I'm going to bite something

> When constructs were f

Okay. Okay. You remember all those times that we were told that Murderbot doesn't know anything? Uh, “constructs are really stupid. We're really uneducated. We aren't taught anything. We are never given education models.”

Um, well, we're No, that's a lie. Cuz um,

> When constructs were first developed, they were originally supposed to have a pre-sentient level of intelligence like the dumb

I hate you so much.

> Like the dumber variety of bot. But you can't put something as dumb as

I'm getting a drink so I don't start breaking things.

[cap angrily being unscrewed, pause]

I might just have to start breaking things.

> When constructs were first developed, they were originally supposed to have a pre-sentient level of intelligence, like the dumber variety of bots.

Like the dumber variety of robot slaves.

> But you can't put something

Nope.

[noises] That's me smacking the bottle.

> But you can't put something as dumb as a hauler bot.

Nope. Nope. I'm going to commit murder. I'm going to commit murder.

All right, I'm going to have to stop this video before I explode something.

I'll see you um…when I eat something that's not going to enrage me. I— We're going to have— the next video, we're going to have to fucking talk— We're

gonna have to skip ahead a bit and, and talk about one of the other books.

I hate Martha Wells. She's so fucking ableist. She's so fucking racist. She hates disabled people so much. And she hates slaves so much. Bye-bye. I'll be back. I'm, I'm just so fucking pissed.